



**N**ow he is growing

Working him like clay,  
moving,  
her fingers move across his skin.  
it's his soul inside that moans,  
oh girl, hold me now  
oh girl, hold me now.  
She feels his voice in her fingers  
as his figure grows from the sound.  
Now he is growing, she says  
as she molds a nose,  
and begins work on the mouth.

Chistian Carl